

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke player.

Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderstands Welsh,
And t'is no maruaile he is so humorous,
Birlady, he is a good musician.

La. Then should you be nothing but musically,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish.

La. Would'it thou haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Pinsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher:
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As **Hot.** Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

By this booke is drawne, weel'e but seale,
And then to horse immediately.

Hot. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Must haue some priuat conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I knowe not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his secret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a scourge for me:

But thou doest in the passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely mark't,
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art match't withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuise,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes must heare,
By smiling pickthanks and base newes mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faltie wandered, and irregular,
Find pardon, on my true submission.

Kin. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy auncestors,
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger brother is supplide,
And art almost an alien to the hearts